



and

CHARLES STARRETT as

# *the* **DURANGO KID**

No. 14

TOY



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# THE DURANGO KID



FOR THE MOST PART, THE BATTLE AGAINST OWLHOOOT TERROR IN THE OLD WEST WAS CARRIED OUT TO THE TUNE OF BARKING SIX-GUNS AND POUNDING FISTS. BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER WEAPON AND THE BRAVEST OF MEN CRINGED TO SEE IT IN THE HANDS OF A MASTER. THIS WAS THE DEADLY

*Whiplash!*

RECKON YUH'RE RIGHT, WHIP SLADE—  
THAR'S A RICH VEIN O' GOLD  
RUNNIN' RIGHT THROUGH THIS  
HORSE HOLLOW!

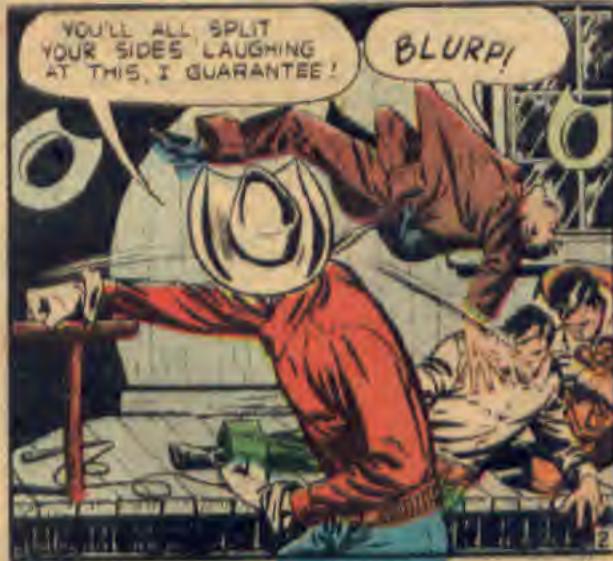
ONLY TROUBLE  
IS—HORSE HOLLOW  
BELONGS TO THUM  
INFUN'S! WE GOTTA  
FIND SOME WAY  
TUH GIT OUR HANDS  
ON IT!



# THE DURANGO KID



BURY HIM UNDER THET TREE AN' LET'S GIT GOIN' BACK TUH TOWN. I THINK WE KIN DO SOME BUSINESS DOWN AT THUM LAND OFFICE. I KNOW A LIEUTENANT DOWN THAR.



## THE DURANGO KID

THANK YOU, STEVE BRAND. THESE MEN ARE EVIL. WE SEE THEM AROUND OUR LANDS IN HORSE HOLLOW. ONE OF MY BRAVES WHO FOLLOW THEM IS MISSING...



THAT IS WHY I COME TO WHITE MAN'S VILLAGE TODAY. I THINK BAD ONES PLAN EVIL. I FEAR THEY WANT TAKE MORE OF OUR LAND.



WHY, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE CHIEF FLEET FOOT! HORSE HOLLOW BELONGS TO THE CHEYENNE BY SACRED TREATY!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SET YOUR MIND AT EASE, CHIEF. LET'S GO INTO THE LAND OFFICE, WHERE YOU CAN SEE THE LAND TITLE FOR YOURSELF.



YOU AND THE CHIEF ARE MISTAKEN, BRAND. HORSE HOLLOW BELONGS TO WHIP SLADE — ALWAYS DID!

THAT CAN'T BE! THAT TITLE IS A FORGERY! COLONEL, WILL YOU COME IN HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS?



I COULD HAVE SWORN...

ME, TOO, STEVE! BUT YET THIS TITLE LOOKS ALL RIGHT AND I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO HONOR IT!



NEVER! WE NOT GIVE UP LAND WE KNOW IS OURS! WE WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH! I HAVE SPOKEN!



YEH HEARD WHUT THET INJUN SAID! I WANT FULL PERFECTION FROM THE U.S. ARMY!



WHAT STONE DID YOU CRAWL FROM UNDER?

WELL, SIR — IS THE ARMY GOING TO WAR FOR THAT LAND-HOG?

NO CHOICE, STEVE. WE'RE DUTY BOUND TO PROTECT THE LEGAL PROPERTY OF ANY CITIZEN WHO'S THREATENED. I'LL HAVE TO SEND MY TROOP INTO HORSE HOLLOW — MUCH AS I DISLIKE THAT SNEAK, SLADE!



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BLAZES! THAT'S GOOD NEWS!  
THIS WAS ONE BATTLE I SURE  
DIDN'T LIKE GOING INTO! MY  
APOLOGIES, CHIEF - I'M JUST A  
DUMB SOLDIER TRYING TO  
DO HIS DUTY!

BUT WE RIDE FOR VENGEANCE  
TOO, COLONEL! OUR BROTHER,  
RED DEER, HAS BEEN SLAIN -  
AND AROUND HIS NECK YOU  
CAN SEE THE MARKS OF THE  
EVIL SLADE'S WHIP!

CHIEF, THE WHITE MAN HAS  
LAWS AGAINST MURDER TOO!  
I PROMISE THAT "WHIP" SLADE  
WILL FACE TRIAL FOR MURDER.  
- AND YOU CAN BE A WITNESS  
AGAINST HIM. BUT YOU MUST  
LET ME DO IT MY WAY!



DURANGO'S WORD IS HONEST AND  
THE CHEYENNE HAS MUCH FAITH IN HIM.  
LET IT BE AS DURANGO SAYS. LET THERE  
BE PEACE AMONG US!

LATER - AT THE SALOON WHERE SLADE HAS SET UP  
HEADQUARTERS...

HO-HUM - WONDER  
HOW THUH COLONEL'S  
GITTIN' ALONG - PER-  
TECTIN' OUR  
PROPERTY!



## THE DURANGO KID

ALL RIGHT, YOU LAND-JUMPERS—COME ALONG I YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL FOR THE MURDER OF RED DEER—AND—FOR FORGING FAKE LAND TITLES! I'VE GOT A TELEGRAPH FROM WASHINGTON THAT GIVES US ALL THE PROOF WE NEED!

YU'RE MIGHTY TOUGH BEHIND THET SIX-GUN WHEN YU GOT THUM DRAW ON A MAN, DURANGO. WONDER IF YUH'RE MAN ENOUGH TUM PUT THET IRON AWAY AN' TAKE ME ON WITH WHIPS!



MAYBE I SHOULDN'T FALL FOR SUCH A FOOL CHALLENGE, SLADE—BUT **SOMEBODY'S** GOT TO TEACH YOU A LESSON AND I THINK I'M THE MAN TO DO IT!

AIN'T NOBODY KIN GIVE **ME** LESSONS ON HOW TUH USE A LASH, DURANGO!...HYAR'S LESSON ONE—GET THUH OTHER GUY'S GUN!



LESSON TWO—A GOOD LASH KIN SOMETIMES BE BETTER THAN A NOOSE!

CRACK!

COME AGAIN—  
I WASN'T  
LISTENING!

KISS YORE FEET  
GOODBYE, DURANGO!

THEY'RE NOT GOING  
ANYPLACE, SLADE...



## THE DURANGO KID



# the DURANGO KID



BLOOD WAS THICKER THAN WATER IN THE TOWN OF SKULL GAP—AND A HEAP SIGHT MORE PLENTIFUL! IT WAS THE KIND OF PLACE THAT WENT TO SLEEP OR DEATH TO THE STACCATO LULLABY OF A SIX-BUY SONG THAT SANG ITS CRASHING WAVE FROM DAWN TO DUSK! IT WAS WILD, ALL RIGHT—AND IT LIVED THE GRIM LAW OF A JUNGLE—TILL THE DURANGO KID CAME ALONG TO

STEVE BRAND TOPHAND EXTRAORDINARY, AND HIS SIDEKICK, MULEY PIKE, ARE DRIFTING SOUTH...

THAR'S A SIGN POST UP YONDER, STEVIE. SHORE HORNIN' THET MEANS THAR'S A TOWN NEARBY!



IT'S A TOWN ALL RIGHT! WHATCHA SAY, STEVIE? HOW ABOUT HIDIN' YORE HORSE, RAIDER, AN' YORE DURANGO OUTFIT IN THEM ROCKY HILL'S OVER THAR—AN' GIT US INTUH TOWN FOR A SPELL? BEEN LIVIN' OFF THUH RANGE NIGH ONTO TWO WEEKS NOW!



WOULDN'T MIND SLEEPING IN A GOOD BED MYSELF FOR A CHANGE, OKAY, PARDNER—YOU SOLD ME!

SICKLE GAP JETMIL

RAIDER AND DURANGO KID EQUIPMENT ARE CAREFULLY HIDDEN IN A CAVE...

LET'S GO! I'M GOING TO SINK MYSELF INTO A HOT BATH, FIRST THING! HOW ABOUT MAKING ME A PROMISE, STEVIE? LET'S JUST BE TWO DRIFTIN' SADDLE-TRAMPS—NO MORE, NO FIGHTIN', NO NUTHIN'—JEST RESTIN'!



# THE DURANGO KID

IT'S A DEAL PARTNER!  
WE'LL PLAY HOOKEY FROM  
OWLBHOOT-BUSTING AND  
SIMPLY ENJOY OURSELVES!

GOONNA HAVE US  
A VACATION!  
GOONNA HAVE US  
A WONDERFUL  
TIME!



AW, STEVIE, YUH PROMISED! YUH PROMISED NO FIGHTIN—NO SHOOTIN—NO NUTHIN'! IF THET HOMBRE IS BEIN' CHASED OUTA TOWN THAR MUST BE A DURN GOOD REASON! LET'S MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS!



WELL—I GUESS I DID PROMISE OKAY, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! WHISTLE FOR THOSE SPOOKED BRONCS AND LET'S GO! ...SKULL GAP HERE WE COME!



# THE DURANGO KID

A SHORT TIME LATER — SKULL GAP!

HOLY COW, STEVE —  
LOOKIT THET SHERIFF'S  
OFFICE! IT'S  
BOARDED UP  
AN' VENTILATED  
PLenty  
WITH  
BULLET  
HOLES! —  
LOOKS  
LIKE NO  
SHERIFF  
EVER MET  
A NATURAL  
DEATH IN THIS  
TOWN!

SHERIFF.  
DON'T LIVE:  
HERE "NO"  
MORE!

YOU KNOW, IT SEEMS  
TO ME WE DIDN'T  
EXACTLY PICK THE  
QUIETEST TOWN  
TO REST IN!

I GOTTA ALLOW  
IT AIN'T EXACTLY  
WHAT YOU'D EXPECT  
OF A SUNDAY  
AFTERNOON!

HAW! COME THEM  
FOUR HOMBRES WE  
SAW A WHILE BACK.  
WONDER IF THEY GOT  
THEIR MAN?

THEY SURE LOOK  
LIKE A RECKLESS  
AND ARROGANT  
BROOD, MULEY. I  
DON'T LIKE THIS  
KIND OF STUFF —  
NOT AT ALL!

ALL RIGHT, WOMAN — GIT  
OUTA THUH WAY!

WHY, THAT RECKLESS  
FOOL — HE DELIBERATELY  
RAN HIS HORSE UP  
THAT SIDEWALK!

HAW-HAW-HAW!  
LET'S GO GIT A  
DRINK, MEN!

ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
MISS?

I — I THINK SO.  
A LITTLE  
BRUISED, BUT  
NOTHING BROKEN.  
THEY DIDN'T EVEN  
STOP THE  
RUFFIANS!

MULEY,  
THE  
PROMISE  
IS OFF!

I RECKONED  
IT COULDN'T  
LAST  
ANYWAY!

OH NO,  
SIR —  
DON'T  
GO AFTER  
THOSE  
MEN!

THEY'RE KILLERS,  
EVERY ONE OF THEM!  
THEY'RE MINGO'S MEN,  
AND THEY'LL STOP AT  
NOTHING! THEY'D  
JUST AS SOON KILL  
YOU AS SWAT A FLY!  
DON'T GO, SIR — IT  
ISN'T WORTH RISKING  
YOUR LIFE — YOU'RE  
TOO YOUNG ...

# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID

I'M SIMMONS—FATHER O' THIS HERE YOUNG LADY YUH PERTECTED. I'M THANKIN' YUH—AS CHAIRMAN O' OUR SECRET CITIZENS' COMMITTEE FER LAW AN' ORDER!



MINGO'S THUH BIGGEST RANCHER IN THESE PARTS. OWNED EVERYTHING IN SIGHT—AT LEAST 'TILL THUH GOVERNMENT OPENED UP THIS STRIP FER SETTLIN'. HIM AN' HIS HIRED GUNNIES ARE TERRORIZIN' THUH WHOLE COUNTRY...



WE GOT A CITIZENS COMMITTEE TUH CHALLENGE MINGO—BUT THUH PEOPLE ARE STILL SKERED. THEY NEED A STRONG MAN TUH LEAD 'EM...



WHAT WE NEED IS SOMEBODY LIKE YUH—OR, EVEN BETTER YET—SOMEBODY LIKE THE DURANGO KID! PEOPLE WOULD BE WILLIN' TUH FIGHT IF THEY KNEW HE WUZ SIDIN' US!

SIMMONS,  
I THINK I  
CAN GET  
YOUR  
MAN!

I WANT YOU TO CALL A MEETING OF THE LEADERS OF THIS TOWN. MY GUESS IS THAT YOU'LL BE IN FOR A HAPPY SURPRISE!

SUITS ME!  
WE'LL ALL  
BE AT MY  
HOUSE!



LATER THAT NIGHT

EASY, RAIDER BOY! SOON AS I GET THIS DURANGO CUT-FIT ON, WE RIDE!

WHOO-EEEE!



AND, AS THE DURANGO KID THUNDERS BACK TO TOWN...

EVENING, GENTLEMEN! I WASN'T EXACTLY INVITED, BUT I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ANYWAY!

MINGO!



# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID

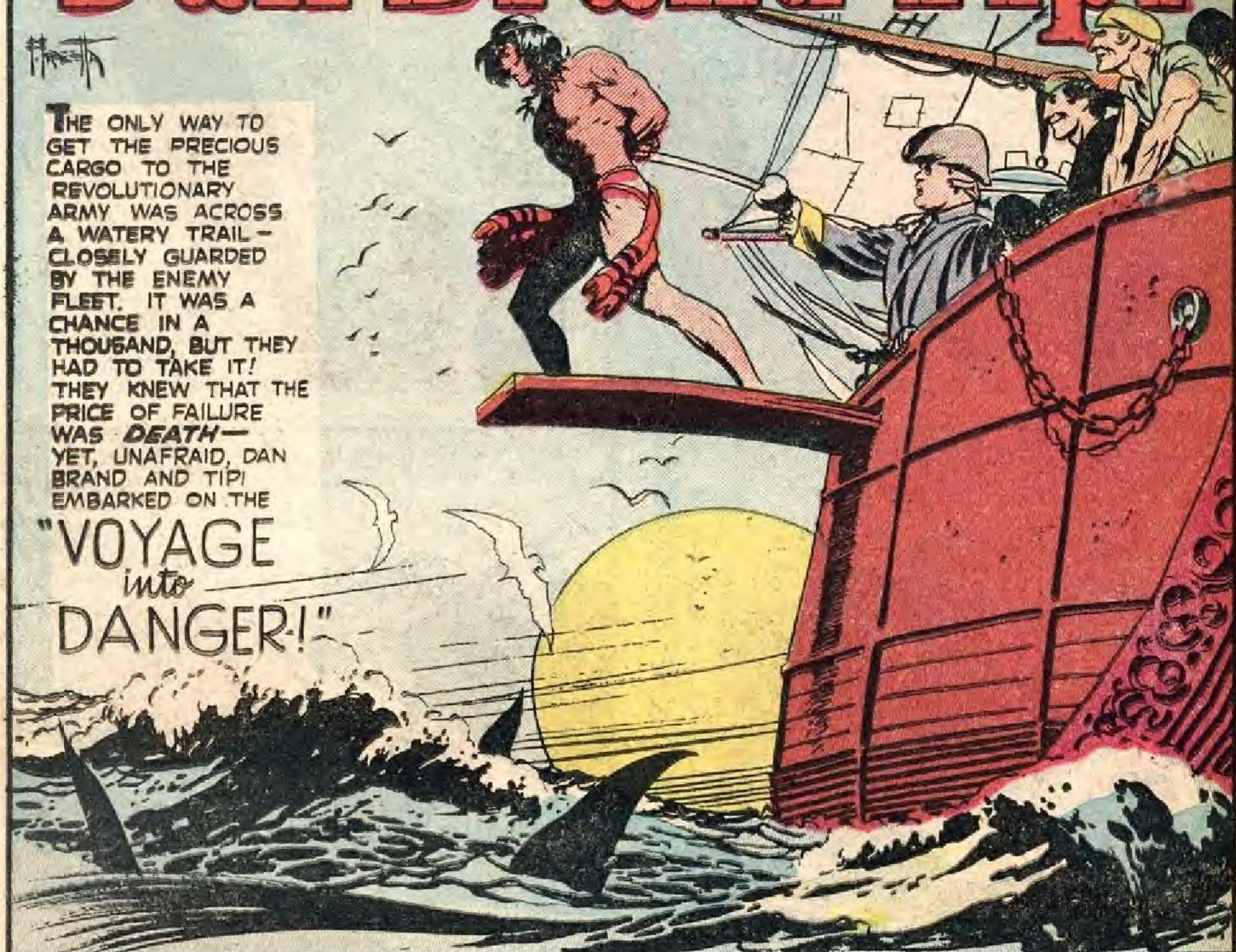


# Dan Brand and Tipi

H. Frazee

THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE PRECIOUS CARGO TO THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY WAS ACROSS A WATERY TRAIL — CLOSELY GUARDED BY THE ENEMY FLEET. IT WAS A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND, BUT THEY HAD TO TAKE IT! THEY KNEW THAT THE PRICE OF FAILURE WAS **DEATH** — YET, UNAFRAID, DAN BRAND AND TIPI EMBARKED ON THE

**"VOYAGE into DANGER!"**



A TINY FISHING VILLAGE — SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF PHILADELPHIA...

CAPTAIN HAWKINS?

AT YOUR SERVICE, DAN BRAND! WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THIS SECRET MEETING?



THOSE CRATES ARE FILLED WITH NEW RIFLES, CAPTAIN. THEY **MUST** GET TO THE MINUTE MEN OF NEW ENGLAND! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO HAUL THEM NORTH BY LAND FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IS ON ALL ROADS — AND THIS FREIGHT IS HEAVY TO HANDLE...

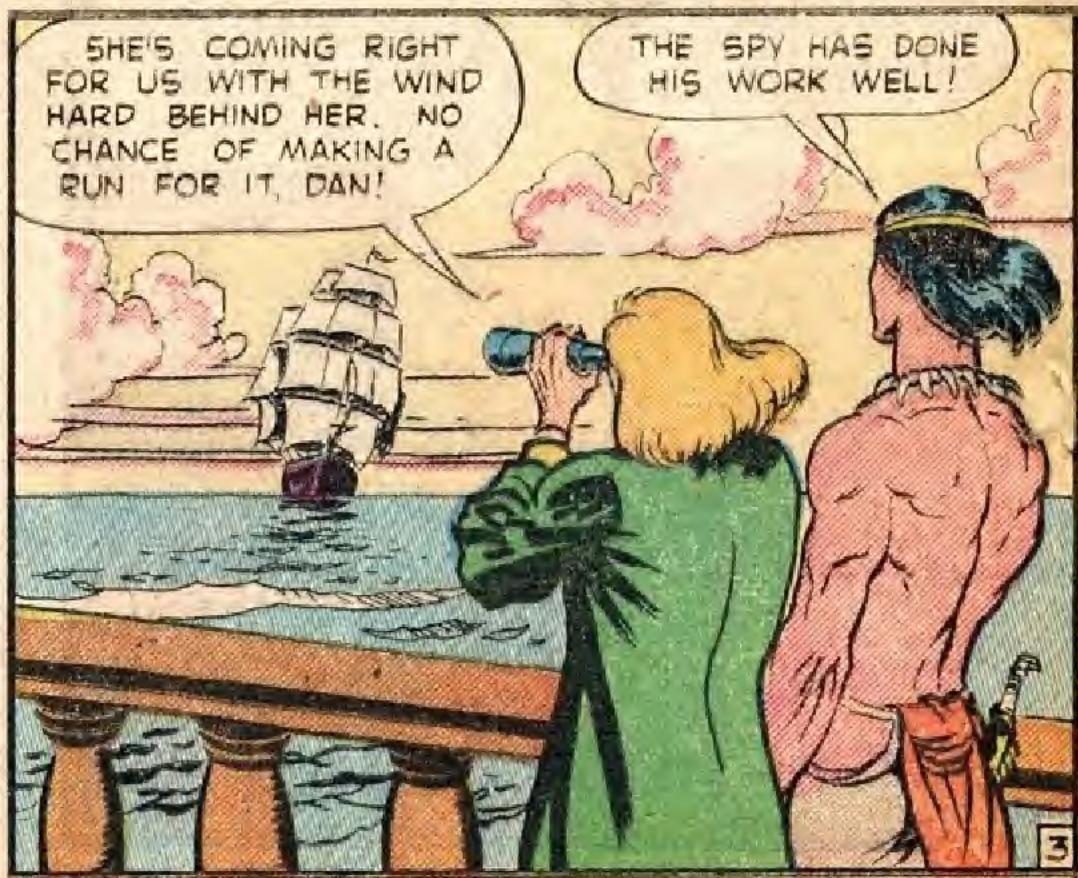
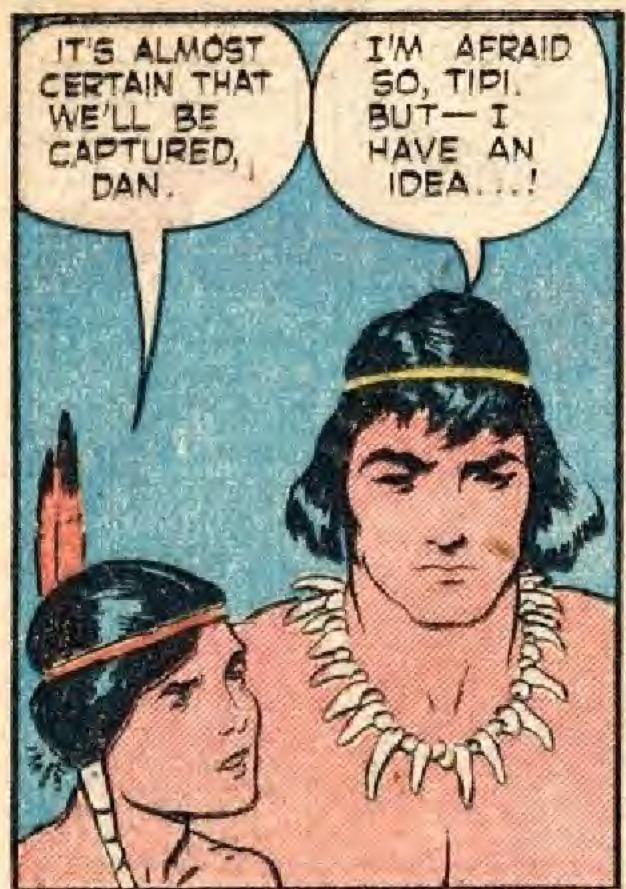
I UNDERSTAND. THEY WILL HAVE TO BE SHIPPED BY SEA — THROUGH THE BRITISH BLOCKADE! A DANGEROUS PROPOSITION, DAN BRAND...



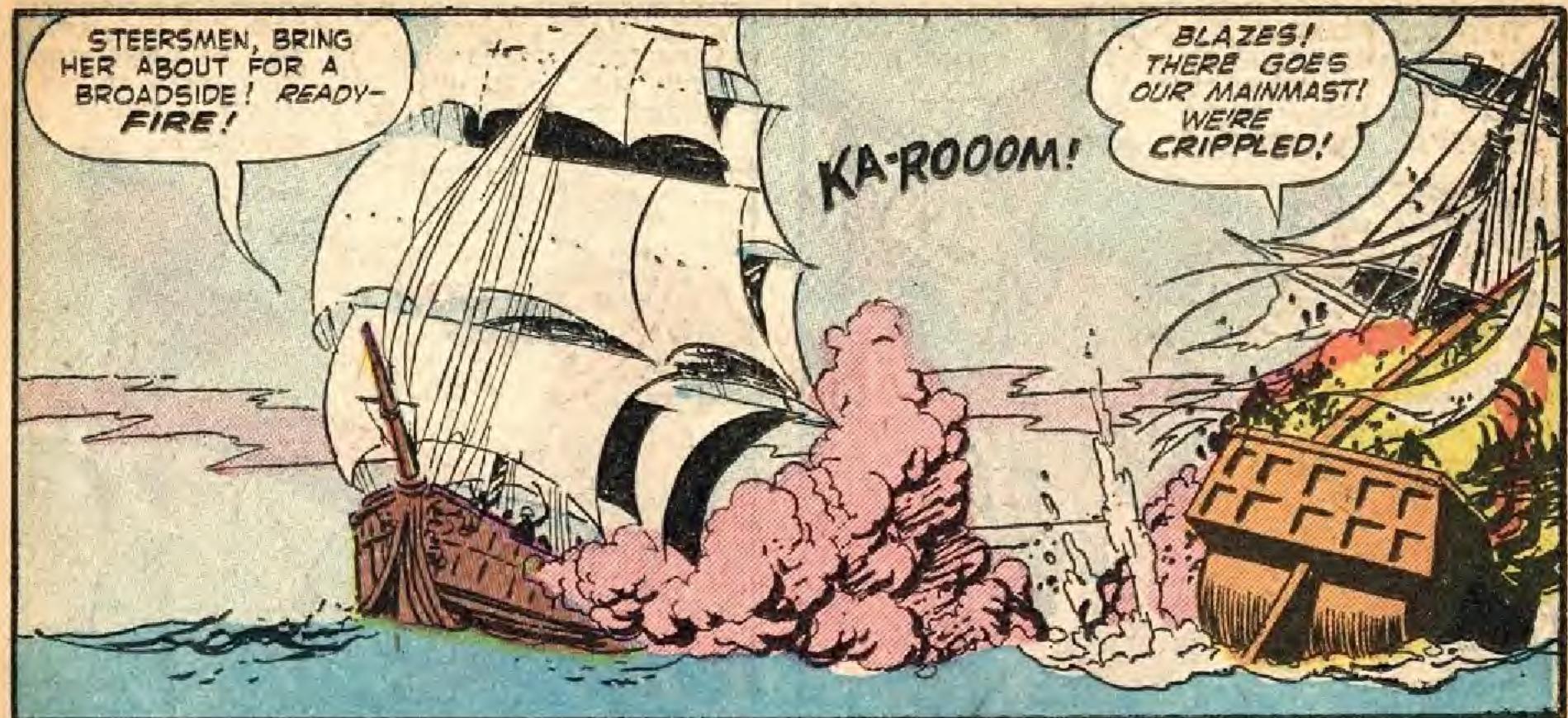
# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID



A LITTLE LATER...!

A LOVELY DAY  
FOR A SAIL,  
RAHLY!

GLUG!

DID YEZ SAY SOMETHIN,  
LIEUTENANT?...BLIMEY,  
HE AIN'T THERE! I  
COULD'VE SWORN I  
HEARD SOMEBODY  
GRUNTIN' OR  
SOMETHIN' OH, WELL...



WHAT THE—!  
WHY, IT'S —  
IT'S — !

QUIET, CAPTAIN! NOT  
A SOUND! IN JUST  
ONE MOMENT I  
SHALL PROVE TO  
YOU THAT I AM  
NO TRAITOR ...



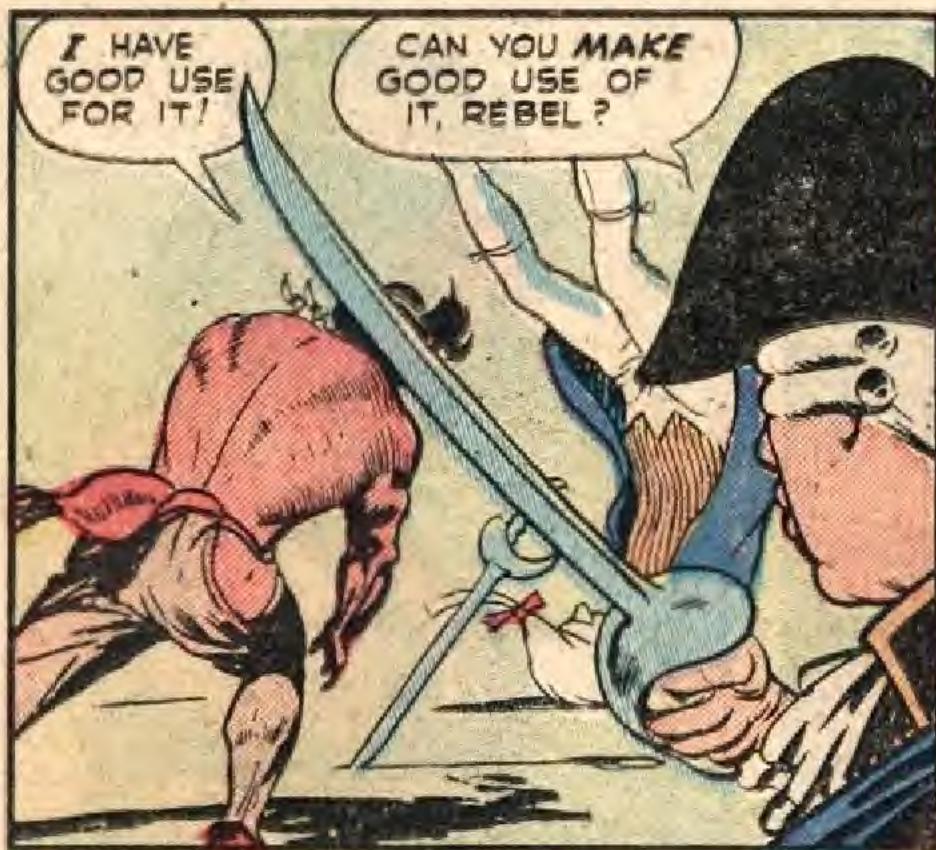
REMEMBER THOSE THIRTY  
EXTRA CASES, CAPTAIN?  
THEY CONTAINED NOT RIFLES  
— BUT THIRTY SECRET  
WEAPONS!

INDIANS! BY  
THUNDER, I OUGHT TO  
BE LASHED TO THE  
MAST FOR NOT  
TRUSTING YOU!

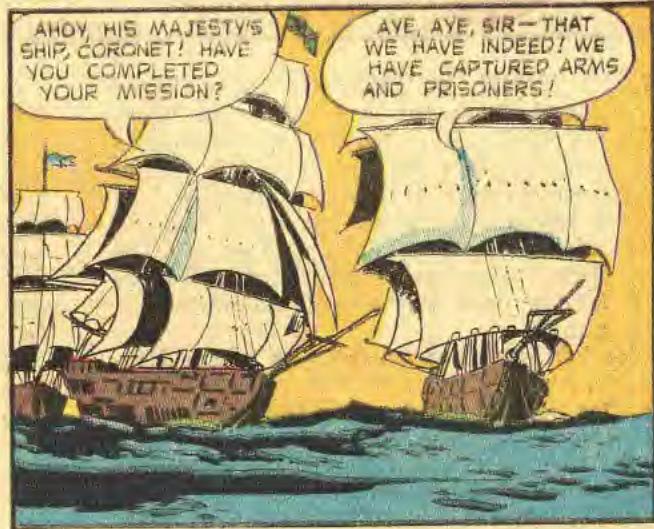
AND NOW — TO  
FINISH THE JOB  
WE STARTED...!



# THE DURANGO KID



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# FLIGHT FROM TERROR



THE THIN PLUME of smoke lifted upward from the red sandstone bluff. The man crouched in the shadows of a piñon watched it with narrowed eyes. His tongue came out to lick at his dry lips, as cold terror ran its way down his spine beneath the faded blue shirt. "Apaches," he told the dry New Mexico air, "On the war trail—and me with a dead horse—and no bullet for my gun!"

He had been out prospecting in the Dragoons, hunting gold. He had a few nuggets in a leather bag at his waist, enough to make his trip into these mountains well worth while, if he could make it back to the post—with his scalp still on his head!

Zeke Gibbons shook his tawny head, wrinkles of worry furrowing his forehead. Without a horse, without a gun to fight his way out of a trap, his chances of saving that scalp were almost nil. Gibbons had seen what Apaches did to the men they caught. He had seen men hung over a slow fire, tied upside down to a wagonwheel. He had seen other things, even less pretty than what was left of the men after the fire had burned its way out.

He set out at a slow trot along the narrow trail that looped around the mesaland. He carried a rifle in his right hand, a rifle whose chamber and magazine were empty. At his right side hung a long hunting knife in a fringed sheath. If I can keep out of sight, maybe I can make it...

The sun poured down with terrific fury. It slid over the wide brim of his soft hat to beat down on his shoulders; it was an exhausting weight on his back. It slowed his feet and numbed his muscles.

Gibbons came to a bend in the trail. Ten feet below the trail went on. If he could get down to that lower trail, he would save himself hours of travel. But he would make himself a prime target against the sky for keen Apache eyes.

He shrugged and went to his knees. I make it or I don't, he told himself. He dug the long blade of his knife into the loose soil and dug with a toe at a protruding rock.

Midway down the face of the cliff he heard the yell.

It froze his blood, for it came from deep in the belly, and ululated out from a throbbing Apache throat. Something came, and whined high overhead and then he heard the flat, dull report of a Winchester sounding across the flats.

"They've seen me," Gibbons grained between his teeth. "Now they'll be coming this way on their ponies and—"

He choked off his words. No need to waste breath on the empty air. He would need all that breath for running. And then he felt solid rock under his moccasin and he lowered himself to the ledge.

He ran into the approaching dusk with long strides, moving steadily downward toward the flats. He was planning ahead, knowing the Apaches would be coming for him. Night was only two hours away. It was dry and cool at night, a good time to travel, once he was off the mesa.

Gibbons found a tiny spring and lay on his belly, drinking carefully, storing up the wetness against the coming darkness. He rolled over and lay on his back, limp, letting his muscles ease. Overhead he could see the stars come winking out, bright in the black-

## THE DURANGO KID

ness of the sky. He wondered idly if he would see those stars tomorrow night.

When he felt refreshed, he went trotting onto the flats. Somewhere out behind him, in the blackness rimming the sotol and the sage, the Apaches were coming swiftly and steadily on their ponies. Gibbons knew he had one advantage: on foot, he would not loom high up against the horizon, as he would if he had been mounted. By taking advantage of the cactus and ocotillo, running from clump to clump so that he merged with their denser shadows, he might make it.

Now as he ran he could hear the drumming hoots. They might not attack him at night—the Apaches, like most other Indians—rarely fought at night, believing that the spirit who came to guide them to the happy hunting grounds might not find them in the blackness, were they killed. But if they learned he had no bullets for the rifle he carried—

Gibbons put that thought away from him, and concentrated on running.

He came upon the wagon an hour after midnight. It still smoked, its charred ribs smouldering, a dull red showing here and there where the fire lingered.

Gibbons did not look at what remained of the two bodies on the ground. The Apaches had caught these men early yesterday, had amused themselves with torture for some hours, then had fired the wagon and run off the horses.

He hunted in the wreckage, and found black char from the ruins of the smoking wagon. Carefully he ran the soft black char over his hands and face, turning them as black as the night around him. Then he took new and fresher bits of char and rubbed it over his shirt and trousers.

"I'm as black as the night itself," he told the dead things on the ground. "They'll never see me now!"

He hunted for bullets, but the Apache search had been thorough. They had taken rifles and bullets, food and clothing.

Gibbons ran on.

It was an hour before dawn when the Apache found him. Gibbons was looking for a windfall or cave in which to spend the daytime hours. As he hunted, a grim figure rose up out of the night, reining in abruptly.

The thought came to Gibbons, even as he went off his feet at the Apache, that the redskin was more surprised to see him than Gibbons was to find the Apache barring his path. He was a short, stocky brave with wide shoulders that betrayed terrific physical strength. A red flannel headband ran about his dark black hair. High moccasins reached almost to his knees. His thighs were bare.

The Apache grunted as Gibbons rammed

into him, driving his head goadlike forward into the Apache's belly. With a guttural "Wheoof," the Apache tumbled backwards.

Gibbons was on him even as he hit the ground. His fingers went for the greasy throat, tangling in the long hair. He gulped in a lungful of air and his fingers found their grip and tightened.

The Apache writhed, clawing at those iron fingers, trying to rip them free so as to scream for help from his fellow tribesmen who were even then hunting for this man who sought his life. But there was maniacal strength in Zeke Gibbons in these dawn hours. He was fighting not only to stay alive, but to keep himself from the tortures that had made the name of Apache a dread one in the American southwest.

The Apache's struggles grew weaker. There was a dry rattling sounding in his throat. He shook spasmodically and his arms fell away. He lay there as Gibbons held his grip for another minute until he was positive that the man under him was dead.

Then he got to his knees, ripped loose the bandolier of brass cartridges and lifted the carbine the Apache had dropped.

He caught the Apache pony after a short chase, but did not mount him. Grasping the rope hackamore, he led him at a walk across the flats. "If I get up on him, those other braves may see me. If I let him go, they'll maybe find him, hunt for 'their' missing friend, and then come hotfooting it after me!"

The first pink tints of dawn found Gibbons plodding across a sandy plain fifteen miles from the trading post. He halted to look behind him. The red sandstone bluffs loomed high in the distance.

Gibbons grinned, even though the effort hurt his dry lips. "Now let 'em catch me!" He swung onto the pony and kicked at its ribs.

Fresh, the wiry little bronc began to run. Gibbons let him go for a mile, then pulled him in to a slower pace. "No need to blaze daylight. Those 'Pache devils will have run up and down all night, trying to find me. They're in no shape to catch you. I've saved you for these last few miles. If they show, you can run your foul head off!"

Toward noon, he saw the Apaches trailing him, miles to the rear. He shook the reins, and the tough pony really ran. Gibbons laughed as only a man can laugh who has touched death's cold fingers and lived to remember it.

Two miles away, he could see the fog walls of the post. The Apaches would never get him now. He was safe.

Zeke Gibbons began to whistle.

THE END



# the DURANGO KID

HEY, SPIKE -  
D'YUH SEE WHUT  
I'M SEEIN'?

HYAR WE COME  
LOOKIN' FOR A HIDEOUT  
FOR OUR STOLEN HOSSES.  
AN' LOOKIT WHUT WE  
FIND! BEST HOSS O'THEM  
ALL! LET'S SNAG 'IM  
SPUD!



DUMB LUCK SOMETIMES ACCOMPLISHES WHAT BRAINS CAN NEVER DO! THE SLICKEST OWLHOOFS IN THE COUNTRY WOULD GIVE THEIR EYE-TEETH FOR A CLUE TO THE DURANGO KID'S HIDEOUT... BUT IT TAKES TWO BLUNDERING HORSE-THEIVES TO STUMBLE ACROSS IT AND THUS KICK OFF THE SUSPENSEFULL, THRILL-FULL STORY OF

## "DURANGO'S STOLEN STEED!"

WOW! WOTTA  
SCRAP THIS  
BRONC'S PUTTIN'  
UP!

YEAH! BUT AIN'T HE A  
BEAUTY? HE'LL BRING  
PLENTY O' COWBOY ACROSS  
-THUH BORDER!



SHORE GOT US A HAUL  
THIS TRIP, SPIKE!

WHO SAID HOSS-  
STEALIN' DON'T PAY  
OFF? LUCK'S SHORE  
ON OUR SIDE!



# THE DURANGO KID



# THE DURANGO KID

TO CLAIM RAIDER,  
DURANGO WOULD  
HAVE TO SHOW  
HE'S THE **LEGAL**  
OWNER—AND THAT'S  
**STEVE BRANDI**  
WE CAN'T DO THAT!

AN' IF YUH  
DON'T CLAIM  
HIM, HE'LL BE  
AUCTIONED OFF!  
MEBBE WE KIN  
**BUY RAIDER** AT  
THUH AUCTION . . .

WE CAN'T DO THAT, EITHER. IF  
I BOUGHT HIM AT AUCTION,  
THEN **EVERYBODY** WOULD  
KNOW RAIDER BELONGS TO  
ME FROM THEN ON.  
DURANGO WOULD  
NEVER RIDE  
HIM AGAIN!

GOLLY!  
WHUT T'DO?  
WHUT T'DO?

ONLY ONE THING  
TO DO, MULEY—  
TURN HORSE-  
THIEVES  
OURSELVES!

YUH MEAN—  
LET SOME-  
BODY ELSE  
BUY RAIDER—  
AND THEN  
STEAL HIM  
BACK?



RIGHT! OF COURSE,  
WE'LL LEAVE MONEY TO  
REIMBURSE THAT PERSON—  
BUT EVEN SO, THAT WILL  
MAKE DURANGO OFFICIALLY  
AN **OUTLAW!** BUT IT'S  
THE ONLY WAY! I MUST  
HAVE RAIDER BACK! NO  
OTHER HORSE CAN SERVE  
DURANGO!

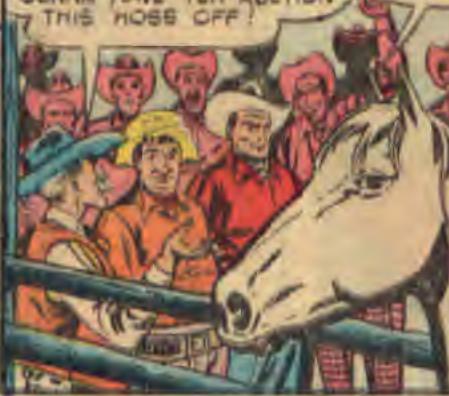
NEW  
DAY!

WAL, ALL THE HOSES IS  
CLAIMED—EXCEPT DURANGO'S!  
I RECKON DURANGO WONT CLAIM,  
EITHER—'CAUSE THET WOULD  
REVEAL WHO HE IS! SHORE  
HATE TUH DO IT, BUT I'M  
GOINGA HAVE TUH AUCTION  
THIS HOSS OFF!

ONE  
HUN-  
DRED  
AN  
FIFTY  
SMACKAROO!

I BID THREE  
HUNDRED BUCKS! AINT  
AN'I AIM  
TUH GIT THET  
HOSS!

WOW!  
NOBODY  
HYAR  
KIN MATCH  
THET BID!



HE'S ALL YORES, BING  
JUDO! BUT YUH'RE GOIN'  
TUH TREAT 'IM A LOT  
MORE GENTLE THAN  
THET!

DON'T TELL ME HOW  
TUH TREAT **MY** HOSS,  
SHERIFF! COME ALONG  
YUH BLASTED CAVUSE  
— MOVE!

SOMEBODY ROPE THIS  
CRITTER QUICK—AFORE  
HE **KILLS** ME!

SERVES 'IM RIGHT—  
JERKIN' A HOSS NOOSE  
LIKE THET!



# THE DURANGO KID

GOT 'IM!  
HE'S PLENTY  
STRONG  
THET  
HOSS!

HE'S A KILLER—BUT I'M  
GOIN' TUH TEACH HIM  
TUH BEHAVE! AN' LESSON  
ONE STARTS RIGHT NOW—  
GONNA GIVE 'IM A BRATIN'  
HILL NEVER FORGET!

LAY OFF, JUDD!  
THAT'S NO WAY  
TUH HANDLE  
A HOSS!

EASY, STEVE,  
EASY—THUH  
SHERIFF'S  
HANDLIN' THET  
VARMIN!

CONTROL  
YORESELF,  
STEVE—  
WELL GIT  
OUR CHANCE  
LATER ON!

WE'D BETTER GET  
AWAY FROM HERE,  
MULEY—BEFORE I  
GIVE MYSELF AWAY  
COMPLETELY! THAT  
ROTEN HORSE-  
BEATER! TAKING  
RAIDER AWAY FROM  
HIM ISN'T  
STEALING, MULEY!



LATER THAT DAY—AT JUDD'S RANCH...

WAL, WE GOT 'IM HYAR!  
WHT IN BLAZES YUH WANT  
'IM FER, JUDD? HE'S TOO  
ORNERY TUH RIDE!

DON'T  
AIM  
TUH  
RIDE  
'IM, MEN!

THET HOSS IS GOIN' TUH  
BE **BAIT**— TUH TRAP  
DURANGO! DURANGO'S  
SHORE TUH COME AFTER  
'IM TONIGHT— AN THET'S  
WHEN HE WALKS INTUH  
OUR TRAP!



YUP, WITH DURANGO OUTA  
THUH WAY, WE KIN DO ALL THUH  
RUSTLIN' WE WANT! ILL WANT  
A B'INCH O' MEN AROUND THIS  
CORRAL TONIGHT...

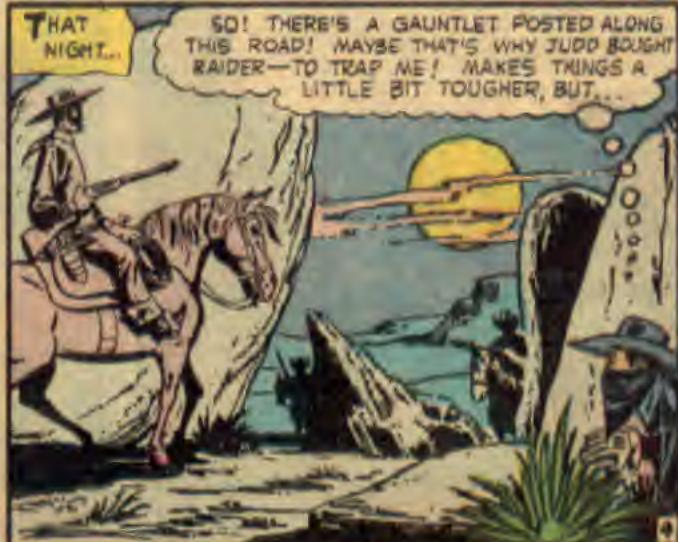


COMIN' OR GOIN' DURANGO'LL  
HAVE TO COME ALONG THIS ROAD!  
I'M POSTIN' YOU GUYS ALONG HYAR.  
KEEP HID—AN' SHOOT TUH KILL!



THAT  
NIGHT...

SO! THERE'S A GAUNTLET POSTED ALONG  
THIS ROAD! MAYBE THAT'S WHY JUDD BOUGHT  
RAIDER—TO TRAP ME! MAKES THINGS A  
LITTLE BIT TOUGHER, BUT...



# THE DURANGO KID

THIS TREE WILL DO! LUCKY I'VE TRAINED RAIDER FOR JUST SUCH SITUATIONS AS THESE. I'LL GIVE THE BIRD-  
CALL AND THEN I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE IT TO RAIDER TO DO THE REST!

THE PIERCING SCREAM OF A WILD BIRD SPETS THE NIGHT.

HOODOO-WHEEE!  
HOODOO-WHEEE!

WHAT'S COME OVER THET CRITTER? HE SNAPPED HIS ROPE! HURRY KID-  
SAN'S ON DOWN!



## THE DURANGO KID

PLAN TWO, RAIDER  
— PLAN TWO,  
ALLEY OOP!

THEY'LL HAVE A FINE TIME TRYING TO CATCH  
RAIDER. NOW—UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THAT  
COWARD, JUDD, WILL BE THE LAST RIDER....

...AND I'M RIGHT! ...I'VE A  
COUPLE OF ACCOUNTS TO  
SETTLE WITH YOU, MISTER!

ACCOUNT NUMBER ONE!  
THIS SETTLES WHAT I OWE  
YOU FOR BEATING RAIDER  
WITH A  
STICK!

URPH!

ACCOUNT NUMBER TWO—THIS  
SETTLES WHAT I OWE YOU FOR  
TRYING TO MURDER DURANGO!  
...AH, AND HERE COMES RAIDER  
BACK AGAIN—LEAD THAT BUNCH  
CLEAR IN A CIRCLE!...GOOD BOY!

COME NOW, GENTS—YOU DON'T REALLY  
THINK YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH A HORSE  
LIKE RAIDER, DO YOU?

A MATTER  
OF MINUTES,  
AND JUDD'S  
MEN ARE  
LEFT FAR  
BEHIND...

OUT IN THE FREE AND OPEN AGAIN!  
WELL, RAIDER—WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A  
NEW HIDEOUT...

...AND A  
BETTER  
ONE! JUST  
CAN'T  
AFFORD  
TO LOSE YOU  
AGAIN...

THE  
END

Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

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\*Play on all 78 RPM phonographs except some  
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horns on  
this record  
sound effects  
record.

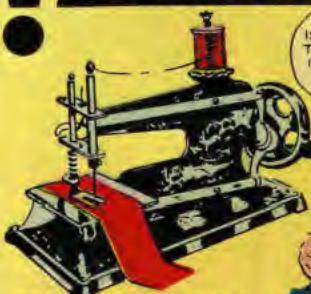


TEN  
FULL  
COLOR  
BILLBOARDS

# LOOK AT THESE 4 WONDER BARGAINS

3

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IS FUN! I MADE  
THIS DRESS WITH  
IT, AND I'LL MAKE  
HUNDREDS  
MORE!



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NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY  
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AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA  
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MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE  
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AND NEEDLE.

DON'T PASS  
IT UP!  
IT'S  
ONLY

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LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-  
LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK,  
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HAIR WAVED!

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ONLY **\$3.98**

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**FREE**

**FREE** a WAVE-A-DOLL

HAIR  
KIT



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